



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

Woodruff Pres. W.
'x B



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify, that I, Joseph Warburton, being a sufferer for more than 30 years with hernia, after using several different kinds of trusses I only received temporary relief. About eight years ago I underwent an operation, the doctor using the knife, I only received relief for the time being. On June 20th, 1896, I received my first treatment from Dr. A. M. Browne, of the Fidelity Rupture Cure Co. After receiving my first treatment he fitted a truss on my body, which I wore day and night, receiving six treatments in five weeks. On July 25th, I received a certificate from Dr. A. M. Browne, being completely cured. While receiving treatment I attended to my business and daily occupation. I have discarded my truss, which is the first time in 30 years, and I feel that I am permanently cured.

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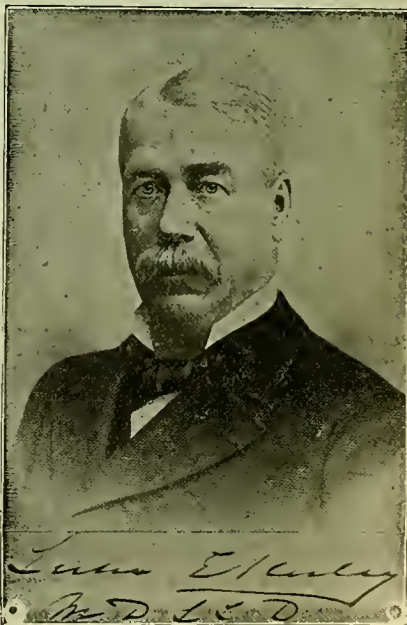
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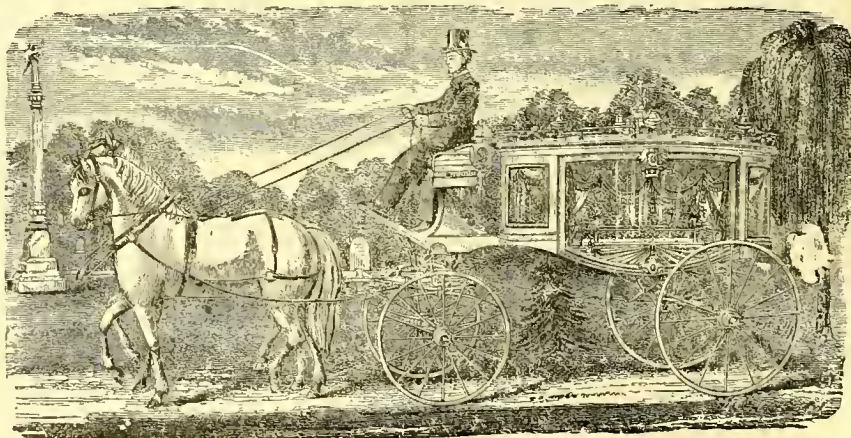
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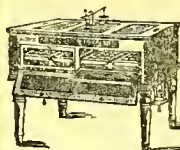
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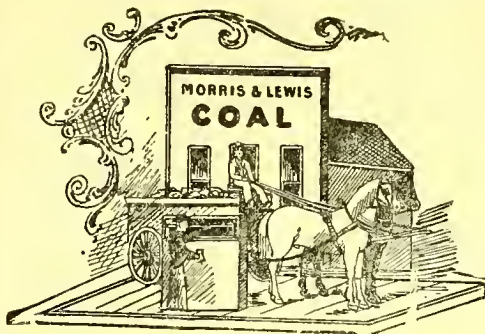
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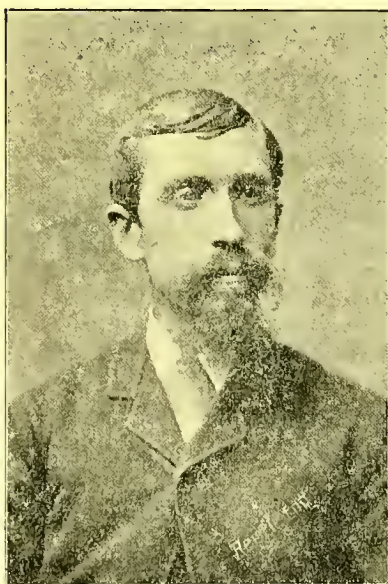
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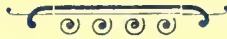
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❁ ANNOUNCEMENT. ❁



VOLUME XXXII., BEGINNING JANUARY 1, 1897.



It is with feelings of sincere gratitude to the Giver of all good that we announce the close of the Thirty-first and the beginning of the Thirty-second Volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Thirty-one years ago—a generation of time as mankind reckons it—the first number was issued. The form and size of the publication have been many times changed—always for the better, we trust—while its essential features and capacity for good have been, we believe, abundantly multiplied. Looking back over this long period, and recalling the acquaintance and friendship which those years have cemented between us and our patrons, it seems almost unnecessary to make promises for the future: if our labors and record in the past are not sufficient evidence of devotion to our readers' interest and instruction, we shall be quite unable to supply the lack with verbal pledges now.

We merely offer greetings, therefore, to old friends and new, and hope for a continuance of their favor and support. This we shall endeavor to deserve; for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, strengthened by the struggles through which it has passed, and having lived through trials which have caused every other home magazine, one after another, to succumb, feels more than ever the responsibility of supplying the youth of Zion with wholesome, truthful and instructive reading.

The personal writings of the Editor, found in the two departments of the paper which are exclusively his own, will continue the treatment of live and timely subjects as the latter shall be deserving of discussion in a journal such as this.

The corps of contributors is now more numerous than ever before, and embraces, besides those whose names are already familiar, men and women who are or have been in almost every part of the known world.

An improvement which we have set out to accomplish is in the quality and number of illustrations. These will be not only increased, but also of finer grade of workmanship—made possible by the great strides taken in the engraver's and photographer's art during late years.

By way of encouraging the Primary Associations to regard the INSTRUCTOR as their paper, we are to have a Primary department, the matter for which will be furnished by and published directly under the auspices of the authorities of the associations. This will not trench upon the pages allotted to more mature readers. The paper will continue to be the official organ of the great Sunday School organization in Zion as well as the organ of young Latter-day Saints generally.

What we believe will prove a popular feature will be the publication of music suitable for Sunday School primary classes and Primary Associations, a necessary and interesting aid in the instruction of the little ones.

Other special features, in the way of sketches and serials, will be introduced from time to time, and in all respects we shall endeavor to keep not merely abreast but rather in advance of the requirements of the best and worthiest book-making.

In conclusion, we solicit the assistance of all who desire the triumph of purity and truth in literature, and especially the support of those who have worked and are working for the establishment of the principles of righteousness in the hearts of the children of men.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, Editor.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1896.

No. 23.

TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS.

THE world looked calm and peaceful; the moon shone brightly through the trees; the air was clear and cold. Look-

every member of the little family was busily employed, the widowed mother, with her spinning and the three boys each with his own special work. Over



A RACE FOR LIFE.

ing at the surroundings, one would scarcely have had a thought of danger or evil. Inside of the humble log home, love and contentment held sway, and

the fire place, in which great logs were burning, hung a loaded rifle, and in different parts of the room other weapons were visible. The doors

and windows were barred, and everything was made as secure as possible for the night. Suddenly the dog which lay stretching his great limbs upon the floor jumped up and uttered a sharp bark. "Lie down, Towser," said Frank, the oldest boy, "What's the matter with you, sir?"

But the mother, always alert and ready to protect her children and home from danger, told each of the boys to take his gun and prepare to fight, for the watchful dog never gave such an alarm unless danger threatened. Almost instantly the well-known cry of the Indians rang out, the door was burst open and the room was filled with barbarous natives flourishing their tomahawks and enjoying the anticipation of their bloody work.

For a few moments the family fought desperately, and killed two of the Indians, but they were soon overpowered. The dear, patient mother and the youngest boy were killed before the eyes of the two older sons who terrified with fear, rushed wildly from the house without at first being observed by the savages, leaving behind them the bodies of their dear ones to be cremated in the burning house. They flew to the barn, mounted the old work horse, and galloped away toward the home of their nearest neighbor, followed by the swift poisoned arrows of the enraged Indians who soon discovered their escape. They were almost immediately captured and then carried off to the enemy's camp where they were kept prisoners for a great many years, until at last they managed to escape.

Such occurrences as this were common in the early history of our beloved country. A man dared not go away from the village. If he did a most horrible death was almost sure to be the result.

Fire arms were kept loaded and always at hand, for the natives were crafty and treacherous, and sprang out upon the white people at the most unexpected times and places. Women and children were taught to handle fire arms almost as well as the men. Quite frequently when men returned from their labors in the field they found their homes in ashes, and their families murdered in cold blood.

The Indians should not be judged too harshly, however, for the wrongs which they committed. Treacherous and revengeful by nature, we know they are, but they were made very much worse by the cruelty and injustice of the Europeans. If white men had always treated the natives in a Christian like manner, the awe and respect which the savages at first felt for them might have been preserved, and a great deal of suffering and bloodshed would have been averted.

To change vague and aimless wishes to strong and effectual desires is an important part of all improvement. It is the earnest and persevering effort to do the present duty in the best possible manner, to relax no power in its discharge, and to waste no time in lamentations over what might have been, that is the secret of all good work and the element of all progress.

HE who is as open as the day, who has nothing which he cares to conceal, is pretty sure to have come by his possessions honorably. They stand for earnest, honest labor of head or of hand, such as helps and never hurts mankind. They are the signs of his energy, his industry, his economy, his faithfulness, his ability. They reflect honor upon him; whereas gains secured without such equivalent and at the expense of others can only reflect disgrace.

FELICIA'S CHASTENING.

A Thanksgiving Story.

"I BET anything, Felicia Waring's sold the place," said Sarah Drake excitedly, standing with alert eye laid closely to the raised edge of the window-blind. "It's the same man that was there yesterday and day before, and land knows what he'd be goin' there three days hand runnin' for if he ain't dickerin' for the house."

"Mebby its some one runnin' after Letty," her daughter conjectured coming to the window. Her mother echoed her remark with a scornful inflection. "Let Felicia Waring alone for getting rid of him 'fore this if that's what he was after."

"She's run off every bean Letty's had yet, and I guess she means to keep it up long as she lives. I never saw anything like that woman's selfishness, never. It ain't enough she's spoilt her own life and poor Col. Stacy's with her narrow unchristian notions but she must take it into her head to spoil Letty's too."

"I guess it would have hurt her pride more'n anything else to have had Letty marry into the Colonel's family after all that's happened."

"I call it a low sneakin' kind of pride for a Christian woman to be holdin' feelin's all these years against a man because her father was fool enough to get in debt to him. She'd sell the house for a song, if only 'twould keep him out of it. She's never deserved the favor he's showed her all these years, keepin' up her spite through it all. I guess she's found out she can't pay the interest on the mortgage any longer and means to play the Stacy's out of it if she can. She'd sell it for the exact sum its mortgaged for rather than have it fall

into their hands. You watch and see if what I say don't come true."

Sarah was indeed a true prophet.

In the parlor of the mansion that had been the roof tree of four generations of Warings—Felicia, daughter of the last male representative of the old colonial stock, was signing the papers that transferred to Henry Wrightman sole ownership of the home that had sheltered a direct line of Warings from the first settlement of the English under a royal charter down to the present hour. The act was the denouement of series of misfortunes that had commenced in Felicia's girlhood sixteen years before, interrupting a steady family stability that had seemed hitherto to have been built upon a rock. Temptation had assailed Robert Waring in the form of various speculations, and in five years time his money, railroad stocks, and home had been sacrificed to make up for the mistakes into which his cupidity and weak judgment had led him. Having gotten his affairs into this inextricable mess, Felicia's father died, leaving the problem which had proven too much for him, to the hands of his daughter.

Chance or providence was willing to favor her. An offer came from the man who held the mortgage on the homestead to cancel without consideration the claim he held, and make over to Felicia a clear title to the property. The pains taken by fate to settle Felicia's difficulties in the easiest and most direct way possible proved to have been fruitless. The pride that was inherent in the Warings, augmented by circumstances of a deeply personal nature caused her to make a firm rejection of the magnanimous offer. But though while declining to accept as a gift the home which she believed rightfully to belong to her, she yet declared with equal determination to

keep her hold upon it as long as power remained to her to retain lawful possession of the place.

The secret of Felicia's antagonistic attitude was in a romantic story. Fifteen years before Felicia and Roscoe Stacy had been engaged and the young lawyer had purchased property next to the Waring estate with the view of yielding to Felicia's wish to remain in the place of her birth when they were married rather than in Boston where the home, family, and interests of her affianced were centered. In the spring of the following year work was to be commenced on the new dwelling; and in the meantime Roscoe was to remain in Boston to obtain what practice he might gain from connection with the eminent law firm with whom he had studied. Not a cloud marred the brightness of the sky of love and happiness when they parted for the winter, but at its end the dream of bliss in which they had long been indulging was over.

Throughout the winter reports came to Felicia that her fiancée, so far from living solitary and joyless, cut off from the society of her whom he had sworn could alone make perfect sunshine in his life, was in reality enjoying himself to an extremely noticeable extent in the society of a lively belle of Boston, who was as noted for her beauty as she was for her coquetry.

Felicia's pride was instantly aflame, and in accordance with the decision of character peculiar to her she decided to see for herself if the reports were correct. Repairing quietly to Boston where she was made welcome at the home of a friend, she was able to go about and observe enough in a quiet way to become assured that the rumors were indeed founded upon fact—her fiancée being in almost constant attendance

upon the fascinating and imperious beauty.

Felicia was not one to bear such humiliating treatment lightly; and though the word that went from her directly upon her return home, brought young Waring to her side with earnest and sincere disclaimers of serious devotion or intention towards the other so-called "flame," asserting that as a guest in her home and a partner in her father's firm it had become somewhat an expected duty for him to attend the daughter in public places, the father's ill-health confining him to his room. Yet Felicia remained unappeased in her resentment, and declared the rupture final. Finding her deaf to his continued overtures for reconciliation, he finally departed; and in a year's time Felicia heard of his marriage to a young widow—the Boston beauty being left to her sport of capturing hearts for some three years afterward, when she bestowed her hand upon a German count who had yielded in a brief time to her fascination and beauty. After an absence of six years Roscoe Stacy returned and utilized the land he had bought long since for Felicia's dwelling place, for a home for himself and the motherless step-son left to his care. His wife had died after their return to America, leaving the child of her first marriage to Roscoe Stacy's tender guardianship.

It was at this time that Robert Waring plunged into the speculation that ruined his fortunes; and in his strait it was to his once prospective son-in-law that he turned for help.

Having lost all else, he at last mortgaged the homestead—determining to hazard his most precious inheritance upon the scheme that was to make or mar his life. The scheme failed; and some slight connection of Roscoe Stacy's

with the enterprise, gave occasion to a hasty remark from Robert Waring—thoughtless as it was unjust, but which fixed in Felicia's mind beyond redemption the belief that her jilted lover had been instrumental in causing the failure of the project in order to hold in his hands a way of effecting a complete revenge for the humiliation he had suffered at her hands.

In less than a year from the bursting of the bubble that destroyed Robert Waring's last hope, the man died, broken down by the weight of misfortune that he had brought upon himself. It was at this juncture that Col. Stacy—the title coming to him through his appointment to a position in a corps of the State militia—came forward with an offer to annul the mortgage that held Felicia's home at his mercy—the proposition being couched in such delicate and sympathetic terms that any but one cursed with Felicia's insane pride must have been melted into grateful forgetfulness of any and all wrongs.

But Felicia had suffered sorely through past slights and disappointments; her father's poisoned words were fresh in her ears; and she freezingly declined the generous offer—registering, however, at the same time a mental vow to make desperate efforts to keep her inheritance from falling into the hands of her enemy till time should relieve her of the need of an earthly roof to shelter her head. This she could do legally and without the acceptance of charity by keeping the interest paid up on the mortgage.

She met it for a year or two by means of aid coming through a monthly allowance remitted by a distant relative on her mother's side. This failed suddenly through the death of the donor—the near heirs showing themselves capable of doing away with all that remained of

their grand-father's property, without outside aid. Then, little by little, Felicia's family possessions—horses, carriages, jewels, plate and even furniture and pictures went to dealers in Boston.

In recent years an orphan niece had come to make her home with Felicia—relieving her absolute loneliness; and as time passed, and the house grew bare under its constant depletion for the monthly interest, to say nothing of current expenses incurred by actual daily needs—the young girl sought to brighten affairs by putting a brave shoulder to the wheel of fortune and by personal effort make what was necessary for their livelihood and the other drain; but Felicia's pride rebelled against this vulgar remedy, and her resolute foot was set on every enterprise that Letty's fertile brain could suggest. So the drain went on; and the house gradually took on the aspect of an uninhabited barn, under the constant vandalism that was perforce carried on by the desperate mistress.

Finally the clever and artful Letty resorted to a subterfuge. Gowns, bonnets and sundry other articles were conveyed in secret to Letty's room, and there made or remade—trimmed or retrimmed to the entire satisfaction of owners and the delight and pride of the clever needlewoman, who took the pay which was promptly remitted for expenses of the household. In hours when Felicia slept soundly in her lonely room, or brooded sullenly on the wrong that had cheated her of happiness, Letty's deft fingers were busy at her tasks—and the many comforts that came into the house under the guise of gifts from some neighbors, were in reality the fruits of Letty's secret labor.

Of course the people for whom Letty

worked had to be let into the knowledge of Felicia's attitude, and "Letty's trick" as they called it, was a never failing source of conversation and delight amongst those of the townspeople who knew it.

"I'll bet all I own," Sarah Drake was fond of declaring, "That if Felicia Waring knew, when she's settin' in Church that half the bunnits in meetin' is made by Letty Gray, it would upheave her so she'd never be able to foller out a head in the sermon." And it was Sarah's insatiable curiosity to know just how Felicia would conduct herself under the existing circumstances, that led round as she afterward expressed it, to her "letting the cat out of the bag, for certain.

It happened that Felicia one Sunday morning came in and took her place on the seat in front of Sarah, and Sarah's discretion was not proof against the tempting opportunity presented by the occasion. As Felicia settled herself in her seat Sarah leaned over and whispered: "That bunnit in front of us beats any Boston milliner I ever saw. I wonder Letty don't set up shop instead of workin' at home. She'd get custom right along. She's pleased everybody she's sewed for yet, and I don't believe but what she'd do splendid with a store."

Though Felicia made no reply, her wrathful looks and manner during the service were sufficient recompense to Sarah for her venturesome shaft. But the gain to her of this brief entertainment, was the loss to the community of Letty's tasteful handiwork. None knew what passed between Felicia and her niece, but the latter ceased suddenly to solicit work, and people were too kind to force their offers upon her; so the brief spell of happy independent living was past, and all that remained to them now was to make the most of such income

as the household articles left them would continue to bring in.

It was a favorite question with the people of the town whether this episode of Letty's or her affair with Col. Stacy's step-son had been the most humiliating of Felicia's later troubles. It was a mystery to many how any friendship or intimacy had sprung up between the young people under the blighting shadow of Felicia's feud. To some of the narrower-minded, it savored of disloyalty on Letty's part to accept or encourage the first degree of attention from a representative of the alien house. But Letty's fault was not disloyalty, if fault there had been. Indeed, it would have taken a more vindictive nature than Letty's to have stood out against the charming frankness and friendliness of Charlie Condon's attitude toward the Waring household.

Having met in a conventional way at a friend's house it would have been contrary to good-breeding for the young people to totally ignore each other afterward in meeting which the fact of their being close neighbors made quite frequent—and before they knew it, the two had drifted first into a delightful comradeship, and later into a genuine courtship that was only interrupted by the chance revelation to Felicia of the status of affairs.

To Felicia's vision, the overtures of Roscoe Stacy's heir to gain a footing in her family was but evidence of another deep-laid plot upon the part of her old enemy to humiliate her by causing the failure of her life-long purpose. Felicia, however, had sacrificed too much already to secure her partial revenge for her wrongs, to rest supinely under this fancied outrage at Letty's hands; and in her argument with the latter upon the subject, she spared neither prayers, tears,

nor reproaches to accomplish her end. It ended in Letty's sensitive and sympathetic nature yielding to her aunt's selfish demands, and in the year that had passed since Felicia's discovery of the affair Letty had remained firm against every attempt made by her lover to renew their courtship. After many vain attempts to move her, the young man had at last gone away in despair; report giving it that he had gone to Australia for the purpose of building up an independent fame and fortune in that new centre of civilization. Finally the two alternatives that had threatened Felicia for years stood at her threshold; and the choice now was to sell the place to some outside party or relinquish it into the maw of the Stacy dragon. Needless to say Felicia had chosen the former. To consummate the sale in time however, she had been forced to sell the place for only five hundred dollars more than the amount of the mortgage; and with this sum she and Letty were to begin life anew in another locality. By this time hard experience had taught her that necessities of life were not rained down without toil or forethought into the laps of indigent spinsters, and she had been forced to yield unwillingly to the prospect of Letty's taking a position that would ensure their meeting the expenses of their new life.

A friend of Letty's in Boston had secured her a place as governess in a family residing in the aristocratic precincts of the Back Bay—the hours allowing her her time after five in the afternoons besides Saturdays and Sundays to spend at home with Felicia. Letty was to go to the city before hand to secure apartments and Felicia was to remain with the house till the new owners took possession on the first of the next month.

The two were discussing their prospects now after the agent whose business Sarah Drake had prophetically conjectured had left the house.

"You hav'nt long to look about for apartments, Letty, remember," Felicia said. "I want you to be back here to spend Thanksgiving day, and that gives you just three days to look up a suitable flat. We shall need Friday to pack up so as to get away Saturday. I couldn't stay an hour in the house after strangers are in it." There was a little tremor in her voice, the first sign of weakness she had displayed since negotiations had been opened for the sale.

Letty did not dare to look up, for her own heart was sore and she feared a glance or word might cause an ignominious flood of tears.

"Nettie knows the best localities," she replied, "and with her help I don't suppose it will take long to choose.

"Of course I shall be home to spend Thanksgiving day. I should'n't think of missing it."

"I shall get most of the packing done while you're away," observed Felicia, "so there wont be anything much to do but rest till Saturday."

"I hope you wont tear things up till Friday Aunt Felicia," said Letty pleadingly, "there's not so much left to pack that we can't get through Friday, and it will make a tomb of the house to strip it any barer than it is. Let's have our last days here as cheerful as possible."

"I shall have Martha cook a good dinner Thanksgiving day," Felicia returned without committing herself in reply to Letty's remarks. Her niece knew what it forebade.

It was three o'clock of the following afternoon that Letty took her place in

the train that was to transport her to Boston. As she looked out of the window before starting, she saw the Stacy carriage drive away, and supposed that the Colonel was on the train, bound possibly also for Boston. As they started, she turned from the window to glance at her neighbors in the car; but a glimpse of a pair of broad shoulders and a handsome familiar profile a few seats in front, held her gaze instantly, and set her heart into a joyful sort of palpitation. She had thought him thousands of miles away, and in spite of the absolute hopelessness of anything transpiring from their meeting—yet it gave her a warm, glad little feeling of comfort to think that he was at least near. She sat tremulously hoping and yet dreading that he would turn her way—fearing that if he should speak to her in her present loneliness and hopelessness, that she might be surprised into the revelation of the weakness that had assailed her spirits during the last few months. It was with almost a piteous feeling of disappointment, however, that she saw him, when the train finally stopped at their destination, take his valise and leave the car without having once turned in her direction. He had been seemingly engrossed in conversation with his companion—who by the way was Mr. Wrightman, the man who had purchased the Waring property—and Letty could not suppress a pang of resentment toward the man who had kept from her the small comfort of a glance from her lover's eyes.

It was quite dark when she stepped outside, and she looked about eagerly hoping that Nettie would have found time to come and meet her. Her friend's many domestic duties had doubtless interfered, however, and Letty chided herself for the momentary weakness that

made the tears rush to her eyes in a sudden sense of overwhelming loneliness. She had her friend's address by heart, and taking courage she started across an open space toward a line of street-cars, knowing she should soon reach the shelter of Nettie's generous roof-tree.

She could not tell how it happened, but as she hurried towards the cars suddenly some big black breathing thing rushed swiftly round a curve—there were shrieks and cries from a hundred people standing round—then as the hot sweeping air from the engine swept close in her face, a deadly but happy blindness of sight and sound and sense came upon her, she fell forward upon the ground.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE love of home may indeed be considered as a test of the goodness of the human heart; for without it neither the domestic nor patriotic virtues can be said to exist. It is, of all our feelings, the most generous and amiable, and if duly cherished will ever prove one of the best preventatives of vanity, selfishness and dissipation, of discontent, turbulence and disaffection. Home is the haven to which, after all the storms and vexations of life, we return with the added conviction that if happiness be resident anywhere on earth it is only to be found within its still retreats, where vice and folly stand aloof, and where the soul, uncontaminated by its passage through the world can prepare in peace and in the sunshine of domestic love for that not dreaded hour when the frame it now inhabits shall mingle with its parent dust.

THE light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things.

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NECESSITY OF FAMILY RECORDS.

THE revelations of the Lord through the Prophet Joseph concerning the redemption of the dead, and the ordinances necessary to be performed in the temples in their behalf, are having a great effect upon the character of the Latter-day Saints. This effect will be more and more noticed as time rolls on. Even now it is not too much to say that the Latter-day Saints are more familiar with their ancestry than any other people of the same number in the world. With the bulk of mankind it is a matter of indifference as to who their progenitors are or where they came from. It is not uncommon to find people who cannot tell the names of their grandparents or of their uncles and aunts. They take no interest in relationship, and are utterly destitute of family pride. Among the nations, especially where there is an aristocracy, pride of birth is cultivated among that class. Care is taken to preserve the records of families of what is called noble origin, and it is a mark of superiority to be able to trace descent for generations and centuries. But this care in regard to pedigree prevails only among people of what is termed high birth. The masses have no reason to preserve their line of descent, and they take no pains whatever to preserve the names of their ancestors, and these names therefore soon fall into oblivion. The owners of cattle and horses, if they have good stock, take

pride in preserving the registry of the animals, as a well authenticated pedigree adds greatly to the value of the animal. But not so with mankind generally.

The Latter-day Saints see reasons now for being particular upon this point. The interest which they take in hunting up names of ancestors and collateral relatives excites surprise and arouses curiosity among many of their kindred outside of the Church. They can see no reason for this unless it be for the purpose of laying claim to property which may belong to the family. As the years roll by, the Latter-day Saints will become more and more familiar with their origin and the names of their ancestors. It is a very interesting pursuit to all who will take time to make enquiries and to trace their families back; but it is particularly so to the Latter-day Saints, for they have the strongest of motives to encourage them in the search after the names of their progenitors. The taste for this is increasing among our people, and the best methods of obtaining this very desirable information are being adopted. Familiarity with these methods will add greatly to the store of knowledge, and such knowledge will have the effect to bind the people together. Already there are numerous families among us which find themselves related to each other through becoming acquainted with their genealogy. Until they searched the records that they had access to, they never dreamed of such relationship.

The experience people gain in hunting up the names of their kindred, impresses upon them the value of keeping records correctly, and it will lead doubtless to the adoption of a system of family records among us that will be of exceeding value to future generations. Every family should have a record in which

births and names and other particulars are carefully kept, and these should be kept in such a way that they can be preserved in the family archives for the benefit of descendants.

Is it too much to expect that that which is being done in this direction is going to have a marked and perhaps elevating effect upon the people? While the superiority that so-called men of birth have frequently assumed because of the length of their pedigree, has been very offensive and objectionable, and has tended to foster a pride that in many cases excites contempt, still it has a good effect on many characters to know they belong to an honorable family and ancestry. Men frequently are restrained from doing dishonorable things because of the disgrace such acts would bring upon a family that had always borne an honorable and unsullied name. Under proper circumstances and with right feeling this is a happy feature. In a community like ours, where equality prevails, the preservation of genealogical records is not likely to be attended with bad results. If family pride be developed, it ought to be of a healthy and proper character.

— AFFAIRS IN TURKEY, —

Just now the attitude of Turkey towards the Christians under its jurisdiction is exciting considerable discussion, and it is the fashion to say a great many hard things against the Turks. The government of Turkey is arbitrary and perhaps cruel; but it suits the purpose of a great many people to color the acts of Turkey so as to impress the Christian nations with the necessity of doing something to favor their people who, either as missionaries or as residents, are brought in contact with the Turks.

It is interesting, however, to see in a

very popular magazine, *Fortnightly Review*, some words in defense of the Turks. This writer blames the Sultan for the condition of things which exists at the present time, and for the outbreaks against the Armenians. He denies, however, that these outbreaks are religious, but calls them racial—that is, a conflict between the races. He declares, "the religion of Mahomet is perfectly suited to the Oriental;" and adds, "Nay, I will go farther, and say that it is infinitely better for him, infinitely more likely to produce peace and goodwill amongst the various creeds and races which make up the Ottoman empire than Christianity," He says, "When we talk of the horror of Mahomet's teaching, or only see the cimetar gleaming over the heads of his converts, we forget that for every man that perished by that weapon, thousands have passed under the swords of contending sects of Christians, have been racked, burned, martyred, and their homes laid waste." He describes the Turk as a law-abiding man, an excellent father, a sober, laborious husbandman; and adds, "The lower orders of Mahometans generally throughout the world compare more than favorably in morals with the corresponding class in Christendom." He proceeds to test the Mahometans and the Christians by means of the ten commandments, and awards to the Mahometans a stricter observance of these commandments in their lives than can be found in the lives of Christians, though these ten commandments are a part of the religion of Christians.

It is not a safe plan, as Latter-day Saints have had abundant reason to know, to judge or condemn a people on the testimony of those who are opposed to them. There are many people who think the Turk ought to be rooted out;

that he is actually unfit for civilization; but those who express themselves in that way are very unfit to give testimony, for their prejudices are so strong that they are blinded by them, and they would perform cruel and inhuman acts to carry out their ideas. It is this spirit that filled France with religious wars, and that caused the Huguenots to be driven from her borders. The same spirit also, in many other lands, not to speak of our own land and our own experience, has produced dreadful results in war and misery, and the shedding of torrents of blood.

It is interesting to read statements such as we quote from, as it gives us another side of the picture, and furnishes reasons for not accepting as true all that appears in the newspapers of the day concerning the condition of affairs in the Turkish empire.

SOME OBSERVATIONS IN ENGLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 689.)

In going from the docks to the heart of the city of Liverpool the new comer is bewildered with the rush of business on all sides. First he sees a procession of heavy wagons, built strong enough to hold from twelve to fourteen tons of freight and drawn by five large draught horses that look and walk like elephants, being so ponderous in their movements. The clatter of their hoofs and the grinding sound of the heavily laden wagons as they roll over the hard stone pavement, are heard from early morning till late at night in the busy streets of the city.

The beauties that attract the eye first when in the business part of the city, are the shop windows. This display of goods is most remarkable. It is the general custom to place in the window

a sample of everything carried in stock, with the price marked on each article. People are generally expected to select what they wish to purchase from what they see from the outside, and some of the merchants announce that they keep nothing but what is thus exhibited, so people need not make inquiry or enter the shop if what they want is not seen in front.

It is fully as interesting to view the displays made on the business streets of large cities here, as it is to attend one of our State annual fairs. Almost everything imaginable is placed on exhibition. The most brilliant display is seen in the jewelers' window, here can be seen everything that can be conceived of in the way of jewelry. There are long rows of gold and silver and jeweled watches, all varieties of chains, rings, bracelets, pins, broaches, badges, buttons and ornaments. Diamonds, pearls, and other gems are displayed in profusion, and the value of what can be seen in a single window would amount to many thousands of pounds.

In the confectioner's window may be seen great piles of candy, impressing the beholder with the idea that it is as plentiful as coal.

The shoe dealer will have his window filled with boots, shoes and slippers of all shapes, sizes, styles, and colors; and yet it is said to be difficult to get a pair of comfortable English shoes.

The tailor or clothier usually exhibits his cloth in the piece, and makes clothing to order. Ready made men's suits are not so plentiful as in America.

It would be tiresome to enumerate all the lines of articles displayed in the shop-windows. It is somewhat amusing to see what strange things are exhibited. Dentists have artificial teeth grinning at the passers by; opticians place in their

windows glass eyes that stare out at people; the surgical mechanic shows artificial limbs; and the undertaker places in his display window a row of coffins. Besides these there are all kinds of wax figures and mechanical contrivances to attract attention.

Along the busy streets may also be seen numerous peddlers hawking all sorts of toys and cheap jewelry.

Many of the stores that make such a grand display in their windows disappoint a person on entering. They are quite small and seem to have very little inside. All their goods are packed away in their wrappers or boxes, and the purchaser is expected to describe just what he wants before any goods are opened for inspection.

The poorer and better classes of people live in separate parts of the cities, and even do their shopping in different streets.

It is quite an interesting sight to see the great variety of ladies' costumes on some of the principal business streets on a fine afternoon. The climate is so favorable for a good complexion that most of the women have beautiful faces.

Whether rich or poor the people seem to make the best of their lot. They seem contented and appear happy and cheerful. They are very fond of social pleasures, but apparently they do not have the opportunities to participate in such enjoyments as do the people of Utah. The city authorities and wealthy men have provided many things for the comfort and pleasure of the people. In or near every city or town are to be found beautiful parks, well kept and commodious. These are all free to the public; and it is indeed a treat to walk through them and see the people enjoy themselves there.

So well provided are the people with

comforts in the way of public improvements and general protection of life and property that they should be a happy people. Were it not for the blight of drink and its attendant evils, England might be looked upon as a paradise.

As stated above, the people are fond of amusement, and the theaters are well patronized, and the best of shows can be seen for a very small price. Besides there are numerous street performers of various kinds, who go about and perform for the amusement of children. The very poorest in this way have an opportunity to enjoy such exhibitions as minstrel shows, comic singers, Punch and Judy performances, etc., without paying for them, as the performers only depend on what they receive as a voluntary donation; no one is compelled to pay. The people, however, are very sympathetic and willing to assist any movement. They contribute quite freely to the blind or crippled, who may be singing on the streets for the purpose of gaining a livelihood. They are so accustomed to pay for everything they get, that they do not forget to hand over a copper whenever occasion presents itself.

The Latter-day Saint missionaries are sometimes amused while holding an open-air meeting, when, while attempting to sing, coppers are thrown to them. Sympathetic persons who hear them sometimes think quite innocently, that they are singing for charity. Then it is an unusual thing to see men preaching the gospel freely, without money and without price. Other denominations take up collections in their halls and on the streets.

To those born in Utah street preaching seems a strange proceeding. In England it is quite common, and it is usually an easy matter to gather a

crowd, and generally the listeners will remain very attentive. The preaching of the Latter-day Saints is so different to what they hear so often repeated, "Only believe and you are saved," that it interests sensible people, and they are willing to listen, though slow to comprehend and obey.

The people are full of curiosity though nothing will astonish them. It is an easy matter to gather a crowd on the street. Some street preachers resort to various methods for gathering a crowd. Some will perform queer antics, blow a bugle call on a cornet, or play a tune on some musical instrument. Occasionally some drunken fellow will try to disturb a street meeting by interrupting the speaker, but the English people are so fond of fair play that they will not put up with such behavior, and generally such intruders are silenced by men in the crowd who are either in sympathy with the speaker, or who want fair play.

Generally speaking the attention paid to the Mormon Elders while speaking in the open air, does credit to the listeners, and would be an object lesson on good conduct to many people in Utah. Even the urchins playing in the streets often pay the best of attention.

Another noticeable feature of street gatherings is the absence of profanity. No matter what class of men one mingles with, or how much excitement is aroused it is seldom that the name of the Deity is taken in vain. The observance of the Sabbath is not as complete as it might be, yet the streets are quiet, especially in the forepart of the day, when shops are all closed and not even the street cars are running.

Many perhaps wonder how so many millions find employment in such thickly populated places. Well there are many occupations followed here that are un-

known in Utah. Besides the people employed in the numerous manufacturing establishments, the mercantile houses, the railway service, and the occupations common to Utah, many thousands find employment in the ocean traffic, and about the ship docks. One kind of business makes it necessary to introduce another, and thus the occupations are multiplied. Instead of railway and steamship facilities for travel lessening the use for horses and carriages, they increase their use. People travel more and do more shipping of goods from place to place; and to get the people as well as their goods to and from the railway stations and steamship landings, a great many conveyances are used. It is said that in London alone, there are 30,000 hackdrivers employed. In many business houses men are employed to do nothing but stand in front of the premises and invite passers by to step in and make their purchases. There they stand from morning till night like fixtures or "dummies" such as clothiers use for displaying their goods. Others are employed walking about the streets with sign boards hung over their shoulders, to advertise theater attractions and mercantile business in general.

In all the towns and cities of England are market places. Some of them are open squares while others are covered and walled in. These are always interesting places to the visitor. At these markets all kinds of produce and merchandise are exhibited for sale, and it is quite a sight to see the people that throng the places, especially on Saturday afternoon and evening. The various articles are classified and in separate divisions. In one part are flowers only, and the display is most beautiful; and the quantity and variety astonish the beholder. Another part is filled with

fruits exhibited in the most attractive style. Vegetables are found in another place; then there are all sorts of merchandise in separate places. The fish market is generally in a separate building on account of the strong smell of the fish. If one could hold his breath while going through the fish market he would greatly enjoy it. As it is he loses his appetite for fish by visiting the market.

The great variety of character represented on the streets of the large cities is very noticeable. One interested in observing and studying human nature might entertain himself day after day in watching the people as they move and act. The whole life of the lower classes is like an open book to the public. They seem to live almost entirely in the streets. The children play there, they eat there, and there is where they receive their training as well as their scolding, their spanking and other species of correction. Men quarrel with their wives, and neighbors quarrel with each other right in the open streets, and often gather crowds about them from the passers by who are attracted by the "show." In the sea-port towns nearly all nationalities are represented, and almost every variety of costume is to be seen.

I have often thought that peculiar characters represented in plays were greatly overdrawn, but now I think differently, for in England all kinds of characters are seen and heard in real life on the streets.

In all cities and towns the houses are built in and all joined together. Generally they are built of brick, but in many places they are built entirely of cut stone. If there is any door-yard connected with the house it is only a small space. Only rich people have

houses surrounded with orchards or gardens, and their homes are on the outskirts of the towns.

The streets are crooked, and winding in every direction, so that it is impossible to keep posted on the directions of the compass. They are all paved, and it is almost impossible to set foot on the bare ground within the cities. The country roads are also well made, and free from mud.

It is a great treat to one who has been some time in a city to get out into the open country. In the city he sees nothing but buildings, hard paved streets, and the people, the animals and the vehicles that move about. The houses are so closely built that he never sees the sun rise nor set; and as it rains so frequently he seldom sees the sun shine. It is therefore like going to another world when he gets out into the country where he can see the green grass, the trees and the rest of the landscape spread out before him. On account of so much moisture the grass is always green and the country is so well cultivated that it is always beautiful and picturesque.

There is one feature of the English people that is very commendable and readily noticed by the visitor from America, as it strikes him so favorably in contrast to what he is accustomed to at home. I refer to the politeness of the people, and especially of the officials everywhere. I do not mean to imply that the people generally in America are not polite, but the officials on railways and other public institutions are noted for their lack of courtesy. It is a pleasure to do business in England, as one meets with kind treatment everywhere. In their social intercourse the people are generally very agreeable and pleasant in their manners. They are fond of sociability and are usually very

talkative, and full of good nature and merriment.

It would take too long to tell of all the peculiarities of the English people, for it is in the small details of their affairs that they differ from the American people. In a general way they do not differ so much; but by living with them for a considerable length of time, one learns of many simple customs that are different to ours. For instance they make it a practice to have four meals a day. They have "tea" early in the evening and supper at a later hour. Their "tea" is usually only a cup of tea and a light luncheon of thin slices of bread well buttered, and perhaps some fruit. The only objection an American would have to the bread, is that the slices are so thin that one hungry person could eat all that is placed on the table to supply a whole family, and that without any inconvenience. But a person is not supposed to be hungry at "tea" time, and the light meal is merely served to keep one from getting hungry before the regular supper is partaken of. It serves its purpose well enough in England, but with us it is customary only to eat when we are hungry, and when we can get a "good square meal."

People in England, as well as in America, are annoyed with peddlers and book agents, and to save going to the door every time a knock is heard some of them have mirrors fastened to the sides of their windows so they can see by looking in the mirror who is at the door without opening for him. Missionaries often find it difficult to get people to come to their doors when distributing tracts, as they are taken for book agents.

As a rule the rooms in the dwelling houses are quite small and cosy, and as

far as I have observed they are kept very clean and tidy. Stoves are not used. The fires for cooking as well as for heating are built in the fire-places. There are advantages as well as disadvantages in this. The advantages are: a fire in the grate is healthier than one in the stove, the poor do not need to furnish themselves with stoves, the fire-place takes up less room in the house, and when a railing is kept in front of it children are safe from being burned or scalded.

Missionary.

BESIEGED BY WOLVES.

THE adventure I am about to relate occurred in San Juan County, Colorado, late in the fall of 1889.

My partner, Abe Wilson, and I had spent the previous summer in prospecting the numerous gulches and canons opening into Elk Park, one of the fairest stretches of diversified landscape to be found in the whole Rocky Mountain region.

About two weeks before the time at which my story opens, we had found some rich-looking "float," traced it up the valley for several hundred yards, and finally bumped our weather-beaten noses against as "showy" a "cropping" as ever flashed hope into a hungry prospector's heart.

We brought up the "jacks" (burros,) unpacked them, and then fell to work with shovel and pick at a rate that bade fair to insure to us speedy fortunes, if our "find" only proved to be worth half the effort we put forth.

Day after day we toiled, Abe swinging the hammer, while I held the drill. The first five feet had put us into what would have been "shipping" ore at any point on a railroad; the blow-pipe assay

showed an increase in value of every ton we "broke out," and we began to assure each other that we were the owners of a veritable bonanza.

Then, all at once, we came face to face with a difficulty. I opened a box supposed to contain giant powder—the last of our store—and found it packed full of withered potatoes. The rascally prospector of whom we had purchased it had tricked us.

I called Abe into the tent and silently pointed to the ancient tubers, for which we had been duped into paying twenty-five cents a pound,—not to mention the trouble of having packed them over some fifty or sixty miles of mountain trails.

"That's what you get for trying to help other people," he remarked, giving the box a kick that scattered its contents all about the tent. "That fellow said his mother was sick, and he wanted to raise enough money to carry him home. Well, maybe we'll have the luck to meet him again some day."

"Is there any place nearer than Silverton where we can buy powder?" I asked.

"We might get some at the store down in the gap," he replied, "but that's a good sixteen miles away. I'll take one of the jacks, an' go down an' try to get some."

"No, Abe, I'll go. I am a faster walker than you; and besides, you can work single-handed better than I can.

You finish the round of holes we've been working on, and I'll be back before midnight."

In five minutes I was ready to start. I decided not to take a jack,—the slowest and laziest of animals,—knowing that I could make better time without such company, even with a box of powder to carry on the return trip.

With a careless "So long!" to Abe, I started down the hill. I had almost reached the bottom when I heard him shout my name, and I faced about to see what he wanted.

"You had better buy an axe while you are down there, Charley," he bawled. "We shall need one a piece to put up the cabin!"

I waved my hand to signify that I understood, and continued my journey.

It was about one o'clock when I started, and reached the store a little before dark. When I left the "Golden Treasure," as we had euphoniously dubbed our prospect hole, the weather had been warm and clear. During the last hour of my journey, however, a keen north wind had sprung up, bringing with it scurrying, fleecy-edged clouds bearing in their somber bosoms the first severe storm of the season.

In response to my inquiry for powder, the store-keeper told me that he had sold the last stick the day before. He had sent to Silverton for a fresh supply, he said, but did not expect to receive it under a week.

"Haven't you anything that we can use for blasting?" I enquired, greatly annoyed to think that my long walk was likely to prove fruitless.

"I believe I have two five-pound cans of black powder. You can take that if you are not afraid to use it."

"All right; I'll take it," I replied.

"We may be able to manage with it until your new stock comes in." He put the cans on the counter in front of me, and I asked for an axe.

"Sorry to disappoint you again," he said, "but I've also sold my last axe. I'll tell you what I can do, though; I have two out at the wood-pile, and I'll lend you one of them until I get in my new stock."

I accepted his offer with thanks, and while he went after the axe, I took off my belt and ran it through the bales of the powder cans, so that I might carry them over my shoulder, one in front and one behind. Then I drew out a pocket lunch I had brought with me, and proceeded to fortify the material man against the return tramp.

Presently the store-keeper returned, carrying the axe in one hand and a hind leg of fresh venison in the other. "I swapped some coffee and flour to some Utes for a fat buck the other day," he said, "and I find that I have more than I can use. I thought you and your partner might like some of it, and you are welcome to this hind quarter if you think you can carry it." I accepted it gladly, thanked him heartily for his kindness, and picking up my traps, I bade him goodnight and started on my long tramp back to camp.

I was muscular and sinewy, and possessed considerable power of endurance in those days, so the idea of a thirty-two mile walk between noon and midnight bothered me not a bit. The only thing I did mind as the weather, which I could not say was exactly to my liking. The wind almost died away, but the cold moist touch of a stray snowflake on my face every time I glanced up at the starless sky, warned me to put forth my best efforts if I desired to reach shelter with a dry skin.

When I had covered perhaps seven or eight miles, the big flakes began to come down in earnest, and the more thickly they fell, the slower I progressed. Several times I halt decided to build a fire and camp among the cedars till morning; and then I would think of Abe lying awake and waiting for me in our little tent on the lone mountain side, and trudge on again. Had the

night been clear and the trail dry, I believe I could have covered the distance without a halt; but this kind of traveling was another matter. By the time I had walked, as I judged, a dozen miles I was sweating from every pore, and pretty well exhausted. A little further along I bumped into an enormous boulder of many tons weight standing beside the trail, and choosing the sheltered side of it, I sat down to regain my breath.

I must have been very tired to fall asleep as quickly as I did, as I was not even conscious that I was sleepy, until I awoke with a start to find my body bathed in a cold perspiration, and my heart pounding against my chest like a steam hammer.

At that moment a long drawn, blood-curdling howl swelled out on the silence from something close in my rear, and was almost immediately responded to by another like discord in front.

By this time my wandering senses had entirely returned, and I arose to my feet with a scornful laugh to think that I should have permitted myself to be frightened by the howl of a wolf even in my sleep.

Just then the night prowler again awoke the echoes, and this time I seemed to detect a half savage, half hungry note in his call, so I carelessly passed my hand to my right hip to make sure that my six-shooter was ready at hand. Then a chill of something very much like fear ran over me, when I recollected that I had left the trusty weapon at home. However, I was too proud to admit that I was frightened, though candor compels me to acknowledge that I would have been willing to give a large interest in the Golden Treasure for the privilege of being safely tucked between my blankets at that mo-

ment. But there were several mountain miles between those blankets and me, as you know, so I began to resume my load with the intention of making the best possible time to them.

I adjusted the powder cans over my shoulder, and then stooped to pick up the venison, which had dropped from my hand while I slept. As I grasped it, a long gray snout stole around a corner of the boulder and two rows of white and gleaming teeth snapped like castanets in an abortive effort to fasten themselves into the delicacy.

Forgetting the axe, which I held in my left hand, I kicked at the wolf with my heavy boot, but when he snapped at my foot, then sprang back a pace, bared his cruel teeth and stood his ground, I swung the heavy weapon in the air and aimed a crashing blow at his head.

Then, for the first time, I fully realized my danger. In response to his howl, a dozen lean brutes glided out of the shadows and ranged themselves about him, and a dozen sets of fangs, crowned by twice that number of gleaming orbs, menaced me out of the darkness.

In such a situation as that, even the dullest man is apt to think quickly. The next moment I hurled the venison ham among the pack and braced my back against the boulder.

Then it flashed across my mind that the safest place for me was on top of that rock, not at its base, and I began to pass my hands over its sides, seeking a foothold by which to ascend.

I had passed perhaps half way around the boulder without finding a crevice large enough to contain even the toe of my boot, when I stumbled against the limb of a tree, probably washed down from the mountain side in a flood. It was half as thick as a man's body, and just the step-ladder I wanted. It was

the work of a second to slant it against the boulder, and before the pack had finished quarreling over the last morsel of venison, I had gained a secure perch three feet above the longest reach of my enemies snouts.

Not a moment too soon, though. By the time I had got myself comfortably settled, the hungry dozen came trotting out of the darkness, and I could hear them snuffing inquisitively at the base of my refuge—especially at the spot where I had dozed and the venison had lain.

I hoped that they would presently give it up as a bad job and depart in search of more desirable game, but I was badly mistaken. The minutes dragged along into an hour, and every little while I would notice two or three, sometimes half-a-dozen gaunt forms steal out of the shadows, plant themselves on their haunches, and calmly and meditatively survey me, as though considering how to dislodge me from my perch. About midnight the snow ceased falling and the moon shone out gloriously. Now I began to suffer from cold. A keen wind sprang up and swept down the gulch, chilling me to the bone, and I realized that I must devise some way out of the scrape, or run the risk of freezing to the rock on which I sat before morning. How to drive off the besiegers, there was the rub. I was tempted to leap down among them with the axe and engage in a hand to hand combat, but a moments' thought convinced me that the idea was no better than suicide.

As the night dragged along, my position became desperate in the extreme.

Most of the pack had withdrawn to a position thirty or forty feet from the boulder, where they lay plainly outlined against the snow. How I did wish for a gun! and thinking of a gun put an-

other idea into my head. I had two cans of powder, and a piece of fuse in my pocket—why not make a bomb and explode it among them?

In five minutes I had cut my fuse, extracted one of the stoppers, torn out a piece of my coat lining, and with that and my knife firmly tamped the fuse down on the powder, and my missile was ready for the match.

Then it occurred to me that it would be dangerous to retain the second can when the first was exploded. Rising to my feet, I hurled it as far as I could toward the the wolves. It fell a little to the right of them, and it had no sooner struck the ground than several of the hungry brutes pounced upon it as though they expected to find something edible. This was my chance to do execution, for the can I held would undoubtedly explode the other if thrown near enough to it. Striking a match, I touched it to the short fuse, threw the bomb forward with all my strength, and then jumped to the ground on the side furthest from the coming explosion.

I had barely time to run forward a couple of steps and throw myself at full length on the earth, when there came a double roar that seemed to shake the hills. The great boulder behind which I was sheltered rocked visibly, and I half expected to see it roll forward and crush me in its course.

As the thundering echoes died away up and down the gulch, I arose to my feet and walked over to the scene of the explosion.

Perhaps you think I found dead wolves galore. Well, there was not a sign of their recent presence, but the spots where the two powder cans had fallen were marked by depressions as large as good-sized buffalo wallows.

Shouldering the axe I made my way

to camp, where I found Abe anxiously awaiting me, and over a couple of cups of steaming coffee I told him the story much as I have related it to you.

H. Allen Clark.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

An Address.

To the Officers and Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—It has been a practice in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sanctioned by the word of the Lord, to fast and pray, and in this manner to seek for that faith which Saints should possess, and obtain that spirit of humility which we are commanded to cultivate.

Shortly after the arrival of the people in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the first Thursday in each month was set apart as a day of fasting and prayer. The members of the Church were enjoined to bring on that day their contributions for the relief and sustenance of the poor, and hand them to the Bishop of the ward.

At the time of the adoption of this regulation it was very convenient for the people generally to meet together in their places of worship on that day. The conditions were such that they, being of one faith, employers and employed, could leave their labor and devote a few hours to the worship of the Lord.

For many years these meetings were well attended, and they were of a most interesting character, and were a comfort and a strength to all who shared in them, as it was the practice for persons of both sexes to bear their testimony and take active part in them in each ward under the direction of the bishopric.

As the years rolled by conditions changed and it became more difficult for the people generally and especially those in steady employment to attend these meetings until at the present time they have dwindled to such an extent that comparatively few have the oppor-

tunity of attending them. Thursday as a day of fasting and prayer in the Church no longer serves the object for which it was intended.

Our attention has been called to this subject and after mature deliberation it has been decided to change the day that has heretofore been devoted to this purpose. Instead of the customary assemblage in the various wards throughout Zion on the first Thursday in each month we have concluded to set apart the first Sunday in every month as the day for the regular fast meeting.

Hereafter, therefore, we desire the Latter-day Saints, under the direction of the Presidents of Stakes and the Bishops, to meet in their several places of worship on the afternoon of the first Sunday in each month, whenever it can be done conveniently, and devote the meeting to the administration of the Sacrament, to the bearing of testimony by the members of the Church, to the blessing of children and the confirming of members in the Church, and to such other services as have usually been attended to at such meetings. We feel assured that excellent results will follow the giving of members of the Church an opportunity to bear their testimony to each other and to seek for the gifts which the Lord has promised to those who keep His commandments.

Care should also be taken on such occasions, to see that the wants of the poor are relieved by the contributions of the Saints in their behalf, that no cry of the indigent or suffering shall arise from our land in the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

In Salt Lake City, instead of the people meeting in the Tabernacle on the afternoon of the first Sunday in each month we have concluded that it will be better for that service to be dispensed with, and for the Latter-day Saints to meet in their several wards on that afternoon, so as to give all the members of the wards including the aged and infirm, and others who are unable to go to the Tabernacle, an opportunity to participate in the fast meeting and share in the blessings of the occasion. In other Stakes where general meetings are held as in this

city, we suggest that they also be dispensed with on the first Sunday of each month, and that the Saints meet in their place of worship in the several wards.

In some places the custom has arisen to consider it a fast to omit eating breakfast. This is not in accordance with the views and practice of the past. When fasts were observed in the early days, it was the rule to not partake of food from the previous day until after meeting in the afternoon of the fast day. In making donations to the poor also it has been the understanding that the food that would be necessary for the two meals should be donated to the poor, and as much more as those who are liberally inclined and have the means may feel disposed to give.

In giving this counsel to the Church upon this subject, we include all the missions where the Elders are laboring, either in the United States or in foreign lands. We think this arrangement will suit the convenience and circumstances of all the Latter-day Saints throughout the world, and we would like it to be observed by all the organized branches of the Church in every land, so that our fasting and praying may be uniform and the time be understood by all.

Before closing this address to the Saints, we feel led to say that if there should be sickness or any evil resting upon or threatening the people, these meetings furnish an excellent opportunity to bring such afflictions and troubles before the Lord. By approaching Him in the spirit of humility and union, we can supplicate Him to remove these afflictions or evils from the individuals, or from the people. Our past experience has proved to us how willing our Father in Heaven is to hear our cries in the hours of extremity and difficulty, when we approach Him in a proper spirit and with proper faith. He is quick to hear the cries of His people, and He has promised us that if we will draw near unto Him, He will draw near unto us. Such occasions as these, therefore, ought to be taken advantage of by the afflicted, whether in an individual or in a collective capacity.

With constant prayers for your welfare and happiness and the prosperity of the work of God,

We are your brethren,

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

First Presidency.

The forgoing address to the Church, concerning the change that is suggested in the time of holding the monthly fast meeting has been published by the First Presidency of the Church. We feel sure that this change will be a welcome one to the entire people, and every one who reflects upon the subject will perceive the advantages that are likely to follow its adoption.

In connection with this, as Superintendent of Sunday Schools, the editor desires to make some suggestions.

One reason that the fast meeting has been appointed for Sunday afternoon is that the forenoon is occupied in all the wards, under former instructions from the First Presidency, by the Sunday Schools. There is no disposition to interfere in the least with the privileges of our children; for their welfare and growth in all things pertaining to the gospel are much desired by the authorities of the Church. The future prosperity of the Church depends to a very great extent upon the training of the rising generation, and the Sunday School is one of the instruments of effecting this training.

It would be an excellent plan, one that should be adopted in all our Sunday Schools throughout the Church, to devote a portion of the time in each Sunday School on the first Sunday in the month in bearing testimony—that is, encouraging the children of more mature years in the Sunday Schools to bear testimony to the work of the Lord. We are convinced that the effect of this

upon the children will be very gratifying. Care should be taken, however, not to make this part of the meeting too lengthy, so as to weary the children or make it irksome and monotonous. In fact the proceedings connected with our Sunday Schools should be done in a way to make every exercise a pleasure instead of a burden. Judicious teachers and superintendents will recognize the fact that children become wearied if kept too long in school, or if that which they are required to do becomes tiresome.

These suggestions might have been made in the address of the First Presidency; but it was thought to be more appropriate to come in another form to the superintendents of Sunday Schools.

As a question may arise in the minds of some concerning the administration of the sacrament on such Sundays in the Sunday School, in order to settle the point and to prevent uncertainty upon the subject, we feel that the sacrament should still be administered as usual on the morning of the first Sunday in the month as it is on other Sundays in the school.

It is hoped that the gathering of the Latter-day Saints together in their various places of worship one day in a month to fast and to pray to the Lord, and to lay their desires before Him in humility, will result in great benefit to every individual who will take part in these meetings, and in great benefit to the entire Church.

In the early days of the Church testimony meetings were among the most delightful meetings that were held. The people came together in humility, acknowledged their faults, confessed their sins, and humbled themselves before the Lord. The gifts were manifested, men and women prophesied,

spoke in tongues, interpreted tongues, and enjoyed the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to a remarkable extent. Wherever these meetings have been continued, these have been the fruits which have attended them. The faith of the Saints has been kept bright and their interest in the work of the Lord has been lively. Where they have been neglected and fallen into disuse, coldness has ensued, the Saints have felt indifferent, and have not enjoyed the fruits of the Gospel as they should do.

There probably never was greater need for using every means which the Lord has placed within the reach of His people to keep our faith strong and growing than at the present time. The conditions and circumstances which surround us are constantly changing, and they are new in our experience as a people. To realize this, let anyone contrast the circumstances in which we are now placed with those which surrounded us during the lifetime of President Young. The older members of the community can make this contrast, and they can impress by their teachings upon the rising generation what a great change has taken place. The change in the conditions is sure to produce bad results and to injure the faith of the Latter-day Saints unless they live in the full enjoyment of the Spirit of God, so as to prepare them for all changes. Constant watchfulness and constant inspiration are needed. The Lord has placed shepherds to watch over His flock, and they must do everything in their power to preserve the flock of Christ from the evils which threaten it.

The people themselves, however, must be stirred up to diligence and be warned of the perils which surround them.

Waves of corruption sweep over our land. Practices of the most abominable

character are indulged in by men and women in the world. We hear of these being brought among the Latter-day Saints and of some who call themselves Latter-day Saints yielding to them. The most terrible consequences are sure to follow where people yield to sins such as are very common in the world. We cannot mention them in these columns. But those who teach the young should use every means in their power to guard them against falling into these corrupting and destructive sins. The antediluvian world, from that which has come down to us in the sacred scriptures, was exceedingly wicked—so wicked that the Lord swept them off with a flood. The people of Sodom and Gomorrah reached a depth of sin which the Lord could not tolerate, and He destroyed them. But it is not too much to say that the present generation is yielding to practices that are as hateful and horrible in their character as any sins that were practiced by those peoples whom the Lord destroyed. As a proof of this we need only refer to the fearful judgments and calamities which the Lord has said He is about to pour out upon the inhabitants of the earth. Woes are pronounced against them because of their sins and abominations. The wicked will be destroyed, for the Lord has said it, and there will be but few men left. He has established this Church as a place of refuge for those who desire to do His will. It will be to this generation as the Ark of Noah was to the generation in which he lived—a place of safety, and those who avail themselves of this refuge will be saved temporally and spiritually. But the adversary will use every means in his power to lead the children of men astray. Our rising generation is inexperienced. They, therefore, have to be watched and trained

with the greatest care. Satan's seductions are around them. He seeks to obtain influence over them. Invisible to mortal eyes he steals into the hearts of men and seeks to take advantage of them, especially of the young who do not understand his wiles. In view of all this, how great is the responsibility of parents and of Sunday School workers. It should be the constant prayer of all who take an active interest in the training of the young, that they may have power to reach their hearts, to enlighten their understandings, and to fortify them against the evils that abound.

The Editor.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. VII.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 665.)

IN May, David left Far West with the Prophet Joseph and party to lay off a Stake of Zion to the north of them. It was on this trip that Adam's altar was discovered, at Adam-ondi-Ahman.

In his official capacity, David issued an epistle to the Saints through the *Elders' Journal*, under date of July, 1838, into which there is breathed a spirit of concern for the welfare of the people of God, equaled only by that of integrity in defense of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The summer of 1838, found the Saints gathered into Far West, and located in the surrounding settlements, to the number of not less than twelve thousand souls. The old spirit of mobocracy began to show itself again. An occasion was afforded for an outbreak by the August election at Gallatin in Caldwell County, where the Saints were unlawfully prevented from voting. From that time forward until their banishment from the

State the following winter, the Saints in the outlying settlements and on their farms, were kept in constant fear. Bands of lawless men roamed the country over, destroying crops, burning houses, ravishing women, and driving the objects of their hatred into Far West, their only place of safety.

Wherever assistance or defense was needed, Apostle David W. Patten was to the rescue among the foremost, and his bravery soon won for him the title of "Captain Fear Not." In his presence the oppressed found a champion, and at his approach the wicked were filled with terror.

About the middle of October David was placed in command of nearly sixty men, and ordered to disperse a mob in the vicinity of Gallatin. Of this expedition it is recorded:

"When Patten's company came in sight of Gallatin, he found a body of the mob, about one hundred strong, who were amusing themselves by mocking, and in various ways tantalizing a number of the Saints whom they had captured. Seeing the approach of Patten's men, and knowing the determination of the leader, the mob broke and ran in the greatest confusion, leaving their prisoners behind them."

Probably the last manifestaion of David's power with the Lord, at any rate the last of which any account is given, occurred about this time.

With others he had gone to the relief of an isolated family in the line of the mob's course, and had found the mother with several children homeless and destitute. Painfully the party were making their way on foot to Far West across the prairie, when from the fright she had received, the mother, in a delicate condition before, was threatened with severe sickness. To add to the distress-

ing situation, a heavy storm seemed impending and the rain commenced to descend.

Always full of sympathy for the sorrowing, David at once called the party to a momentary halt, and, stepping aside into the tall grass, he commanded the storm to cease until the woman should be conveyed to a place of shelter.

Immediately, it is related, the rain was stayed, the sky began to clear, and the party went forward to their destination without further hindrance or discomfort.

Of the terrible conditions now confronting the Church, Bishop Orson F. Whitney writes:

"The fall and winter of 1838, was one of the darkest periods of Church history. Mobocracy on one hand, and apostasy on the other, dealt the cause of God cruel blows, such as no human work could hope to withstand. The tempest of persecution, briefly lulled, burst forth with tenfold fury; no longer a city or county—a whole state rose in arms against God's people, bent upon their destruction. 'The dogs of war' were loosed upon the helpless Saints, and murder and rapine held high carnival amid the smoking ruins of peaceful homes and ravaged fields.

"Then fell the mask from the face of hypocrisy. Treason betrayed itself. Apostles, Presidents, and Elders fell from the faith and joined hands with the robbers and murderers of their brethren. Satan laughed! The very mouth of hell seemed opening to engulf the Kingdom which He who cannot lie has sworn shall stand forever."

We quote President George Q. Cannon:

"Unable to bear the pressure and to face the terrors of the times, Thomas B. Marsh had apostatized and had joined

with McLellin and other evil men to act the part of Judas against the Prophet. The faith of others also failed, and, thinking by apostasy to save themselves from the destruction which seemed impending, they came out against Joseph and the Church and went over to their enemies."

Such was the condition of the Church, when Apostle David W. Patten, then the senior member and President of his Quorum, performed the last heroic act of his eventful life.

On the 24th of October, a messenger came into Far West bringing news of a band of invaders under command of Rev. Samuel Bogart, who had boasted that, if he had good luck in meeting Neil Gillum, another mobocratic leader, he would give Far West thunder and lightning before noon next day. Joseph Holbrook and David Judah were at once dispatched to watch the movements of the despoilers. Near midnight these brethren returned, and reported that the mob after plundering the house of Father Pinkham, west of the city, had made prisoners of Nathan Pinkham, William Seely and Addison Green, whom they had declared their intentions to kill that night.

"On hearing the report," the Prophet Joseph Smith records, "Judge Higbee, the first Judge of the county, ordered Lieutenant Colonel Hinkle, the highest officer in command in Far West, to send out a company to disperse the mob and retake their prisoners whom it was reported, they intended to murder that night.

"The trumpet sounded, and the brethren were assembled on the Public Square about midnight, when the facts were stated, and about seventy-five volunteered to obey the Judge's order, under command of David W. Patten,

who immediately commenced their march on horseback, hoping to surprise and scatter the camp, retake the prisoners, and prevent the attack threatened upon Far West, without the loss of blood."

Apostle Parley P. Pratt, who was among the volunteers, thus graphically describes that midnight march:

"The company was soon underway, having to ride through extensive prairies, a distance of some twelve miles. The night was dark, the distant plains far and wide were illuminated by blazing fires, immense columns of smoke were seen rising in awful majesty, as if the world was on fire. This scene of grandeur can only be comprehended by those acquainted with scenes of prairie burning; as the fire sweeps over millions of acres of dry grass in the fall season, and leaves a smooth surface divested of all vegetation.

"A thousand meteors blazing in the distance like the camp fires of some war host, threw a fitful gleam of light upon the distant sky, which many might have mistaken for the *Aurora Borealis*. This scene, added to the silence of the midnight, the rumbling sound of the tramping steeds, over the hard and dried surface of the plain, the clanking of swords in their scabbards, the occasional gleam of bright armor in the flickering firelight, the gloom of surrounding darkness, and the unknown destiny of the expedition, or even of the people who sent it forth—all combined to impress the mind with deep and solemn thought, and to throw a romantic vision over the imagination, which is not often experienced, except in the poets dream, or in the wild imagery of sleeping fancy.

"In this solemn procession we moved on for some two hours, when it was supposed we were in the neighborhood of danger.

"Dismounting here, the company tied their horses to the field fence of Randolph McDonald, and, leaving a few men to guard the horses, proceeded on foot across the country by three different routes to the 'Field house,' where it was thought the mob were encamped. David, with a third of the party, took the way around the field to the right; sending Apostle Charles C. Rich, in charge of another company, to the left; while a third, under James Durfee, went directly across. All were to meet at the house of Mr. Field and take the enemy by surprise. When the forces reached the point of meeting, however, no foe was in sight.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

[NOTE.—Anyone having further information of the life of Apostle David W. Patten will confer a great favor by communicating with the author at the Salt Lake Temple.]

THE great difference in labor is not what is done—not the kind of work we perform—but in the spirit we put into it. From the cleansing of the room to the purification of a Government, from the clearing of a forest to the chiselling of a statue, from the humblest work of the hands to the noblest work of the heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

WE enjoy thoroughly only the pleasure that we give.

Our Little Folks.

COASTING.

I WONDER how many of our little friends who glance at the accompanying illustration have ever had like experiences in coasting. What pleasant winter afternoons the picture recalls as we think of the happy times we have spent on a sled, flying down the hillside faster, it sometimes seems, than even the wind itself.

We stood one bright winter afternoon

experiences of my life occurred on just such a day as this, but under very different circumstances to the descent we have just witnessed." As we walked on he related to me the instance which had been so painfully recalled to his mind by watching the bright faced youngsters. I give the narrative in his own words as nearly as possible:

"Some twenty years ago, when I was a lad of thirteen, I with my younger brother, was attending the village school which was situated about a mile from



watching a crowd of merry faced children, the face of each one as he took his turn on the hill, glowing with health and excitement. Two of the children, apparently brothers, approached, and the older one carefully placed the younger one on the sled in front, while he knelt on at the back; and away they went to the bottom of the hill. As my companion noticed these two brothers, an expression of pain flitted across his face, and turning to me he said, "Come let us leave this place. One of the saddest

our home. During the winter the boys were in the habit of spending their afternoons with their sleds on a hill which was midway between our home and the school.

"One morning as we were starting, my mother called to me, 'Henry, I do not want you to go to the hill today, as I understand the men have been at work on the foot of the hill, and have dug a trench for the purpose of draining one of the ponds, and this makes the coasting very dangerous. As soon as school

is dismissed bring Willie home, for I have some work for both of you to perform.' I promised mother that I would do as she wished, and started for school. As we approached the hill, Willie called my attention to some of the boys near the top who appeared to be making preparations for coasting at this early hour. We hurried up and were greeted by three of my bosom friends who had come out to try a sled which had been purchased the night before.

"They insisted that I would have plenty of time to try the sled, but I refused, giving as my reason my mother's parting injunction. Upon this, one of the boys, who was considered an authority upon all subjects, spoke up, 'Why Henry, you have surely done enough coasting that you need have no fear about the trench. By the slightest guiding to the right you will miss the trench altogether. Come, you and Willie can try it just once.'

"I hesitated a moment; on the one hand I remembered mother's parting words; on the other the boys were begging me to try the hill. I turned to Willie and although he wished to observe mother's wishes, still when I asked him to go down with me he consented. We started off as merrily as the two boys which we have just seen, but how different was the end of our journey! As we neared the trench, I attempted to steer safely past it, but I saw it was more dangerous than my friend had represented, and instead of passing it as I had at first expected, we were both thrown into the ditch which was some four feet deep. I soon scrambled to my feet as I was only slightly bruised, but was startled at seeing my brother lying unconscious some distance from the place where I had been thrown. My heart seemed to stop beating as I feared that

he might be dead, but as I approached I saw that he still breathed, although his breathing was short as if he were in great pain. I ran as quickly as I could to a neighbor's house, and when he heard my story he brought his carriage and assisted in taking my brother home. The doctor was summoned, but it was some hours before he could restore consciousness to his patient.

"I can never forget the look of anguish and despair which spread over my poor mother's face as she learned from the physician that her baby boy would be crippled for life. This incident made a deep impression upon my mind and I have never since that time let my mother's requests pass by unheeded.

"To this very day when I hear of an act of disobedience, that day so many years ago is brought before my mind and I feel to say to all boys, 'Always heed the requests of those placed over you!'"

E. H. C.

FIFTH LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

THE house in which we met with the children at Orderville was one that the Saints built years and years ago. Long before you, who are the Primary children of today, were born.

It was built at a time when President Brigham Young very much desired to have his people, the Latter-day Saints, learn to live according to the higher laws of God.

He wanted them to become united in all things, and have their property put to use in a way that would make them all comfortable and that would give suitable work to all, so that none should suffer for need of things to make them happy, while others would have more than they needed. And none should have to work too hard, while

others might live without working enough to keep them healthy in mind and body.

The plan which President Young wished the Saints to try, was called "The United Order," or "The Order of Enoch."

At Orderville, the little town I told you something about in my last letter, the people did try very hard to carry out President Young's teachings. They built the house I have mentioned, in which we held meetings when we visited there, for an eating-house. And for a good while, all the people came to the house, at the sound of a bell that was rung, and ate their meals together like one large family. They enjoyed living in that way, and the Lord blessed them greatly. They were all willing to help each other, and that made the work easy for them.

But even in that little settlement, the Saints were not all pure enough, and unselfish enough to go on living in that high and holy order very long. Some became dissatisfied, and began to find fault; and then they had to give up trying to live in so united a way; and all had to eat in their own little homes, and work, each family for itself instead of all together.

But we felt, while in that settlement, that the peace of God, which had rested upon it because of the efforts of His Saints to do His will, therein, had not departed, and His choice blessings seemed to attend them all, both aged and young, filling their hearts with love and kindness to overflowing.

When, in the Primary meeting, we saw babies hugging and kissing each other in the most loving manner, while children a little older were singing songs or reciting pieces, every one of which taught some lesson of love, charity or

kindness in some form, we thought, "surely the Lord is in this place," and it is good to be here.

And more than this; we thought if all the boys and girls belonging to the Latter-day Saints, and the older folks, as well, could only learn to live as the sweet lessons taught them in their Primary meetings and Sunday Schools, and often in their homes, should lead them to, how soon might the United Order be brought about in all our Wards, and oh! what a happy people we should be! It was easy to believe, there in the presence of holy angels, whose divine influence was plainly felt, that such a state of blessedness might readily be brought to pass in a very little while.

But that delightful little Primary meeting could only be held one hour.

We visited some of the sick and suffering ones in Orderville, and blest and comforted them as the Lord gave us power to do. Then the Bishop of the place, Brother Henry Esplin, kindly took us on to Glendale, three miles from Orderville, there we held one meeting, which was attended by all the people of the place, both old and young, who could be present on very short notice. We had dinner at Sister Robinson's, and then drove on seven miles to Graham, where we rested a short time, had a drink of buttermilk, and changed teams. Bishop Graham McDonald provided us with a team and sent a young man named Jones to take us on to Hatch Town, eighteen miles further. Bishop Hatch was not at home, but his family kindly entertained us over night.

Next morning, June 24, Brother Jones went on with us to Panguitch, another eighteen miles. Here we received a pleasant welcome from Stake President J. W. Crosby and his family.

We met with the Relief Society, at 2

p.m. With the Primary at 5, and the Young Ladies at 8:30. We were very tired, but still, we enjoyed the meetings. Thursday, the 25, we had to take quite an early start, for we had forty miles to travel that day, some of the way over rather rough canyon roads. Panguitch Valley, through which we passed, is twenty miles long. We crossed a pretty clear stream called Bear Creek. Also passed through Bear Canyon in which the winding road around a short dugway was so sidling and steep that we were gratified by being allowed to walk over it. The rocks and mountains in Bear Canyon are not so high and grand as in many of our canyons, but the scenery is very romantic and beautiful.

President Crosby, with whom we were traveling, pointed out to us Fremont Valley as we were leaving the canyon; also several other places of interest, which we must not take up time and space in describing now, as we are beginning to think of the day, near at hand, when we shall reach home, after almost a month's absence. *Lula.*

DIALOGUE.

Thou Shalt Not Steal.

Characters: Henry Bond, Tom Jackson, George and Freddy Jones, Albert Cady, and Brother Willis.

SCENE.

(Henry B. and Tom J. meet at street corner.)

HENRY: Oh Tom! let us go to mother Thompson's orchard, she has such a lot of apples.

TOM J.: All right, wait till the boys come. I can hear them coming now.

(Enter on scene, George, Freddy, and Albert.)

HENRY: Say boys, we were just talking, of going to Thompson's orchard for

apples. She has such fine ones. What do you say, George?

GEORGE: I don't care; I'll go, if Bert and Fred will.

ALBERT: What! rob a poor widow? I'll not go, No sir, why that's all she has to depend on for support.

TOM: Oh pshaw, what's that, we must have apples.

HENRY: Sure thing.

FREDDY: I don't care, I'll not go. I would'nt be so mean as that; let's have a good game of ball or tag instead.

ALBERT: That's what I say, and—
(Enter Brother Willis, Tom, Henry, and George, amazed.)

BROTHER WILLIS: Boys, I hope I don't intrude. But I would advise you, Tom, George, and Henry, not to steal; such things have made dishonest men, and sometimes thieves. Besides, poor Sister Thompson has nothing else to depend upon for a living.

ALBERT: That's what I was saying.

BROTHER WILLIS: Any boys that class themselves as true "Latter-day Saints," would never think of such a thing. I remember once when a boy, I stole grapes from a poor old man. Some of the smaller boys told me it was wrong, but I took no notice of them. I did steal some, but was punished by being made sick for almost a week. The Lord will also punish you boys if you disobey His laws. You should take heed of Fred and Albert, and I'm sure the Lord will bless you if you please Him.

HENRY: I don't think I will ever want to steal again.

GEORGE: Nor I either.

TOM: Thank you Brother Willis for your good advice, and may we be honest as you said. Boys let us thank Freddy and Albert for trying to lead us from temptation. *(Exit all.)*

William White, age 15 years.

IN HIS NAME.

The Self-Sacrificing Generosity of a Poor Shop-Girl.

THERE are a few noteworthy actions in life that are not heralded in the morning papers, and there are a good many people who do not telephone for the reporters when they do noble deeds. We give an instance.

It was a cold dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers are eating their hot dinners, when the stores are closing, and when the shop-girls plod home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

One of the shop-girls we have alluded to was hurrying home through the slush after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold with a thin fall cloak. One person noticed her as she hurried along. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet-covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vendor of pencils, and when she saw that he gave no sign, she quietly dropped a ten-cent piece into his fingers, and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned, and walked rapidly back to the dark alley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two silver dollars, one-third of her week's hard earnings—all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand with the words:

"Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now. You ought not to sit here in this bitter wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her.

Thinking no one had seen her? God had seen her; and one man, who to his dying day will never forget the act.

Youth's Companion.

WATER that flows from a spring, does not freeze in the coldest of winter. And those sentiments of true friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

EVL is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it: and the farther on we go, the more we have to come back.

THE really polite man is not he who profusely apologises for treading on your corns, but he that is careful not to tread on them at all.

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Andante, pp

1. The gloomy night of dark - ness Begins to flee a - way, The

2. Now truth unveiled is shin - ing With beams of sa - cred light, The

glowing tinge of morn - ing Proclaims the ris - ing day, That welcome day of

morning pilgrims won - der, And leave the paths of night; Their glowing hearts in

Cres.

prom - ise When Christ shall claim His right, And on the world in

rap - ture Are filled with joy di - vine, Burst forth in shouts of

dark - ness Pour forth a flood of light. we love

glo - ry And like the Mas - ter shine. How we love the glorious

Dim. *pp*

the plan of God to man with peace di-vine May we
plan of sal-va-tion unto man, filled with peace and joy di-vine!

How we love the glorious plan filled with
like the Master shine. we love the plan
the Mast-er shine. we love the plan
peace and joy di-vine.
with peace di-vine. May we like the Master shine, yes shine,
with peace di-vine. the Mas-ter shine.

JUDICIOUS mental work may help to lift one out of the ruts of premature old age. Read and think of what you read. Don't use your mind as if it were a sieve, and you were trying to see how much you could pour through it. There is a belief extant that knowledge, if gained at all, must be acquired in youth. Fallacious theory! Behold! Galileo at three score and ten, pursuing his studies with unflagging zeal; Cato beginning Greek when advanced in years; Ogilvy commencing classical studies when past fifty! Gladstone is as much the student

today as when the bloom of youth mantled his cheek. Be kind to the fancies and feelings of youth. If they prove perennial, so much the better. Don't forbid yourself glad, recreative thought and action. Don't be ashamed to make yourself as pretty as you can. A sensible woman may feel a thrill of pleasure, innocent as a maiden's, when receiving a glance of respectful admiration from a manly man. Smile without affectation; be pleasant without being silly; in short, be young as long as you can.

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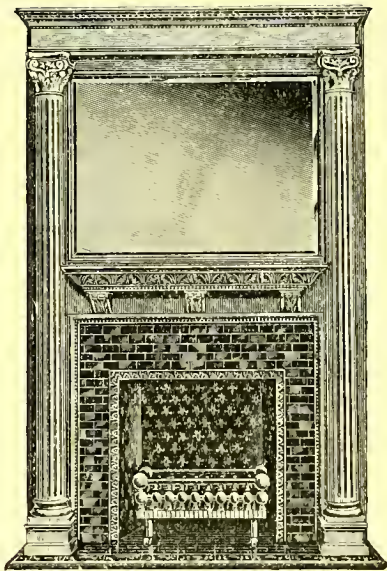
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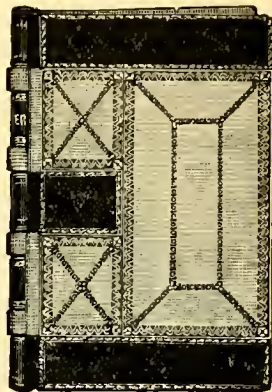
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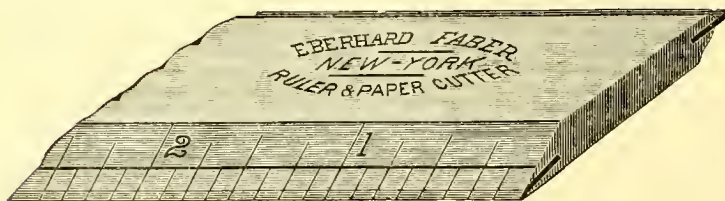
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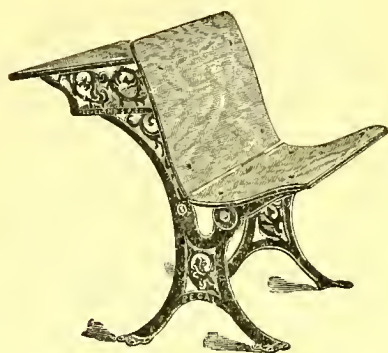
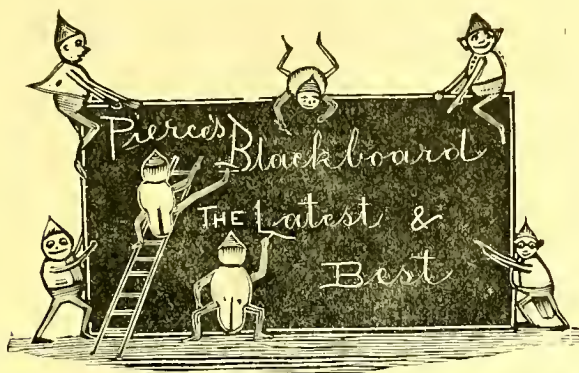
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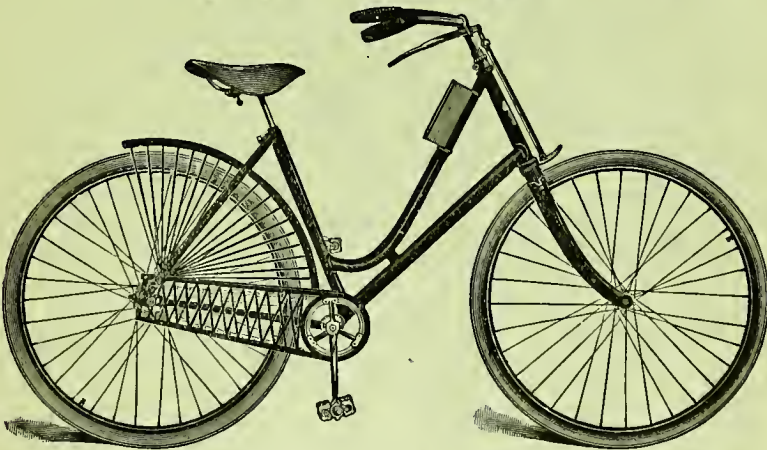
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